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PEOPLE, PLACES, AND THINGS

Royalty in Norfolk.

The King and Queen have been spending some quiet days at York Cottage, whither His Majesty returned from Newmarket last week, the Prince of Wales arriving from London about the same time. His Royal Highness left the *Hindustan* some ten days earlier than was at first intended in order that he might spend these days with their Majesties before their departure for India. He will be at York Cottage for the most part of the winter, as will Princess Mary and the two youngest Princes, Prince Albert and Prince Henry returning there for the Christmas holidays. Queen Alexandra will be in residence at Sandringham, and doubtless her grandchildren, to whom she is devoted, will spend much of their time with her and Princess Victoria.

Queen Maud of Norway will be in England for the next two months, and is said to be better for the change.

The *Medina* looking very smart in pearl grey paint, with a wide band of Royal blue and gold above her waterline, lies awaiting her Royal occupants off Portsmouth. Everything is now in perfect readiness for their start on Saturday of next week.

The Cambridgeshire.

Once again the Heath at Newmarket was thronged last week, in spite of the terribly unsettled weather. Fortunately, the big day was the best as regards climatic conditions, though even then a heavy hailstorm just before the last race was responsible for a good deal of damage both to clothes and tempers. Possibly the latter had already suffered by the unexpected victory of an outsider in the Cambridgeshire, for Mr. Joel's horse had had but few admirers.

His Majesty motored down from London in time for the first race, and was received by Lord Durham and Lord Villiers. He entertained several members of the Jockey Club, and other men friends to luncheon, and afterwards went to the paddock, returning to watch the racing from the Jockey Club stand.

Among those present were Lord and Lady Carnarvon, she in blue, which is so becoming to her fair colouring; the Duchess of Newcastle in unrelieved black, and her cousin, Lady Noreen Bass, in purple with sable furs. She and her husband, Sir William Bass, are going to South Africa for the winter. Lady Mar and Kellie wore violet cloth with a hat of the same shade, trimmed with tawny feathers, and with her was Lady Ilchester in black with facings of turquoise blue.

Lady Downshire, who came with Mrs. Tharp's party from Chippenham, looked very pretty in a striped blue gown, Mary Lady Gerard was in bright purple frieze, Lady Cadogan, who likes sober hues, was in smoke grey velvet; Lady Gwendoline Churchill in blue cloth came with her mother-in-law, Mrs. George West, who looked very handsome in purple velvet with fox furs. Mrs. Guy Nevill, in mauve faced with blue, was hostessing the small party brought by her father, Mr. Larnach; Lady Burton wore black and white, Lady Londonderry was in purple velvet, and Mrs. Sassoon in dark blue. On the evening of the Cambridgeshire the King dined at Palace House with Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, when to meet His Majesty were bidden Lord Lonsdale, Lord Derby, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Dalmeny, and Mr. Neil Primrose, and Mr. and Mrs. George Lambton.

An Irish Wedding.

Of course, there was a great crowd at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street, on Saturday to see pretty Lady Cicely Browne married to Mr. Tom Vesey, a brother of the present Lord de Vesci. Very charming the bride looked in her picturesque simple gown of white and silver brocade, followed by childish and grown-up attendants, also in white and silver.

Afterwards everyone went on to Lord Revelstoke's house in Carlton House Terrace; he is Lady Kenmare's brother, and so an uncle of the bride. There the presents were displayed, including some gorgeous jewels. Mr. Vesey gave his bride a diamond necklace and pendant and a ruby and diamond ring, her mother gave a diamond ring, and her sister, Lady Dorothy Browne, a pair of long diamond earrings. Lord Revelstoke gave a big bow of diamonds, Lord Spencer, whose wife was a sister of Lady Kenmare, a diamond pendant and a ruby and diamond ring; Colonel Baring a lovely row of pink pearls, and from her mother-in-law—now Mrs. Portman—Lady Cicely received a set of diamond stars and a pendant of pearls and diamonds.

Mr. and Mrs. Portman lent their place in Somersetshire for the honeymoon. The bride wore a most becoming gown of blue velvet when going away, with a big hat massed with blue feathers, and a sumptuous fur coat trimmed with sables, the gift of her parents.

A PLOUGHING MATCH IN THE LONDON DISTRICT
Colonel the Rt. Hon. Mark Lockwood, M.P., and his niece, Miss Olive Lockwood, at the Forest Farm, Barkingside

A Newcomer.

Another interesting ceremony in the same neighbourhood on Saturday afternoon was the christening of Lord and Lady Newport's baby son, which took place at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. The Bishop of London performed the ceremony, and there was a great gathering of relations at the service. Before her marriage Lady Newport was Miss Daisy Bruce, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdare, whose second daughter married Lord Belper's only son a few months ago. Both Lord and Lady Newport are members of large families; his four sisters—all married—are respectively Lady Beatrice Pretyman, Lady Dalkeith, Lady Sefton, and Lady Florence Norman. The baby's grandparents, Lord and Lady Bradford, do not come very much to London nowadays, preferring their home in Shropshire; but Lord and Lady Aberdare often come up from Glamorganshire to their big corner house in Eaton Square.

Taking the Air.

Piccadilly was bristling with politicians the other afternoon. Mr. Balfour was walking with Lady Desborough, who was very simply dressed in dark blue and a wide trimmed black hat. Mr. Winston Churchill was walking alone, and Lord Hugh Cecil was with his clergyman brother, Lord William. Lord and Lady Crewe were together, she in black velvet and furs, and in a landaulette Lady Ingestre and Lady Beatrice Herbert were driving together.

The Guild of Aid Sale.

The Countess of Dundonald will open the annual sale for the benefit of the HEARTH AND HOME Guild of Aid for poor Gentlepeople, which takes place this year, by invitation of Mrs. Henry Tate, at Bolney House, Ennismore Gardens, on the afternoon of Wednesday, November 15th. We hope that the kind friends and supporters of the Guild will make a point of attending the sale, which will be quite as attractive as ever this year. The stalls include those for "Poor Clothes," at which all sorts of useful garments will be sold; "Children's Clothes," where pretty frocks, petticoats, matinée jackets, and other wardrobe wants of small people can be obtained; "Christmas Presents" of every kind, "Bric-à-Brac," where old china, cut glass, brass and copper of all sorts, and other things old and new will be sold.

GOWNS AND GOSSIP:

A CHRONICLE OF THE MOMENT.

My Best Friend,—I seem to have lived in an atmosphere of clothes-buying for the last few days, and very exhausting it is. Most women, they say, love the pursuit of the trousseau, but I cannot say that it strikes me as being altogether a pleasurable entertainment. The poor bride herself, after she has stood for two hours with an occasional rest upon the edge of a chair, begins to think that she would prefer to dress in sackcloth with a string tied round her waist, rather than submit to any more pinning and smoothing, and as time goes on it becomes exceedingly difficult to keep an even keel and buy exactly what is required for every circumstance and condition.

Those who like quiet clothes will approve of Anabelle's varied selection. Her going-away gown of blue velvet is trimmed with some very pretty embroidery, and has a long velvet coat to match made with wide shawl revers. It will never look too much of a good thing, and yet for the autumn wedding, for concerts, and parties it is an admirable possession, and will be worn with a feather-trimmed hat. Besides all sorts of rough coats and skirts, a smart tweed, a blue serge, and so on, she has a plain and most beautifully cut coat and skirt of mole-coloured face cloth. The corselet is brought up into two spikes in the front that link it up to the mole ninon blouse, and this is enlivened with a touch of *vieux bleu*. A smart little house dress of blue serge, with a relief of rose-coloured woollen embroidery and a demure grey frock for tea at home in the afternoon, or for wearing beneath a long fur coat, have all the elements of success. Gowns of this description will be a joy to their possessor, while many a trousseau too elaborate and complicated proves in the long run to be a great disappointment.

Yesterday I lunched with Rosalind. She was going down to the country in the afternoon, and she wore an almost yellow tweed, interwoven with brown and a blouse of thick satin to match that was most attractive, cut as it was in kimono style. The blouse, however, had the new high neckband and shallow chemisette made, no doubt, upon a little net *guimpe*. The net was of Valenciennes pattern, and a tiny pleating in the form of a jabot of the same lace looked extremely smart with a gold safety pin to hold it in place. Another friend, who was lunching, a married woman of about forty years of age, came in a black grosgrain. The revers were piped with green and black satin, and the waistcoat was buttoned together down the front. Here, again, the high *guimpe* was noticeable. When she went away she put on a coat of the same silk with large revers and quite a modest-looking tie of sable though her sable-trimmed silk muff was immense.

The older I grow the more I admire the discerning woman who is not ashamed of her age. Nearly everybody likes a very refined, dignified style of dressing, and I am weary of the skittish young thing of sixty whose corsets are so long that she can only sit down with difficulty and whose toques and hairdressing become more violent every day. I had a plaintive letter the other day from a correspondent of mine who had been well scolded by a friend because she was too smartly dressed for her age. I wonder how you think a lady of fifty-eight years should dress? So far as I can see she may wear exactly what she chooses, provided it is not too youthful, and this season especially the hand of Fate has been exceedingly kind. The long line of the fichu, the falling rever of the coat, the all-of-a-piece dresses, not to mention the soft colourings, conduce immensely to the welfare of she who owns to nearly sixty summers. It is absurd to criticise the woman of sixty because she chooses to wear a pale pink rose in her bonnet. Everything depends upon the shape of the headgear.

A toque, well made, is always becoming, but if the country mouse dislikes to have the sunshine direct upon her eyes, what is to prevent her from ordering a hat with a brim, with ruckled crown of millinery tulle or gauze, and soft quillings or frills of Chantilly-patterned lace to veil the bunch of pink roses? There is no period when frumpiness is good, and I have discovered that sons and daughters resent it very much when their mothers lose interest in personal appearance! It is said that the corset is the foundation, the be-all and end-all of appearance, and that is quite true, but the choice of a corset and the way it is put on matters immensely, and the price must vary with our pocket. It is idle to speak as though the ill-cut stay were the portion which falls to those who are not well endowed, for the simple reason that bad stay-making finds absolutely no field upon which to exercise its activities, and however cheap a thing may be, shapeliness is a *sine qua non* in these discerning days.

Helen, who is just back from Paris, says that she is much impressed by the extraordinary similarity in appearance of French women and Englishwomen this season, and she also affirms that it is much more amusing to spend an hour shopping in London than it is to do the same thing in Paris. In London the smart woman will go to Harrods or to any of the big shops, and she will buy her own silk and ribbon and drive away in her motor, but in Paris it is not nearly so easy to see the best-dressed people unless one goes to visit them at their own houses, or happens to be dining at one of the big restaurants.

London is changing immensely, and I notice more and more that the people who used to think it a dreadful thing to "lunch out" now forgo the family meal and partake of an omelette or something of the kind at midday wherever they happen to be pursuing their daily round of shopping, and so on. This is partly because the world has gone to live in flats to a large extent, and since only the large flats will accommodate a competent staff of servants, it is found best to lighten the labours by lunching abroad.

Here are three sketches of the fichu. The upper figure shows a design for the elderly. It is a bodice of bright blue satin with lace laid over the satin and a fichu of very transparent mousseline, hem-stitched on either side. To the left is a soft satin bodice with a cape collar of embroidered net and long sleeves, such as will undoubtedly be worn very soon, of the same attractive material. I personally find the ivory chiffon and lace fichu, seen upon the lower figure, very successful, dainty, and pretty, especially when finished off with a huge butterfly bow of bright blue velvet, and for a little home dinner gown, which could be made by the maid, this design has much to commend it.

Everything depends upon how the fichu is put on; it may be dowdy, and, again, it may be delightful. The fichu upon the young girl's dance frock, when it consists of alternating pleatings and insertions of net and lace, is one of the prettiest things imaginable, and defies unkind criticism.

Ever yours, LYDIA LOVELACE.

Three sketches which show the influence of the Fichu

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